

## STEER TOSSES PUSH CART

**AFTER SMASHING THEM IT TOSS**

**It Falls Into the Ditch After Him and Chases Him Out—It Is Finally Hauled Out with Derrick and Is Led Back to the Slaughter House.**

One of a consignment of Western cattle received yesterday at the John A. Sorenson slaughter houses at Fortieth street and North River was a brindle steer, with shaggy coat and spreading horns, and an evil look in his eyes. It was a constant source of trouble to the herdsmen on the trip East, and to celebrate its arrival in New York it started on a spree of such frolic here, as to carry away from the stock at the Sorenson pier as much as it could, and carelessly way to the street. It announced its coming by bellowing with a Western enthusiasm that set the windows and doors in the vicinity rattling.

The steer raced along Fortieth street until it reached Eleventh avenue, and then it turned to the right, and in a few moments two parties of men were peddling chewing tobacco and cigars to a crowd of wheelmen on their way to New Jersey. The steer cantered gently up to one of the push carts and lifted it up in the air. When it was dropped it reached the ground it was in a dozen places, and a part of it hung as a garland around the horns of the steer. Men

to adopt while Western was to metropolitan life. The steer moved on the other push cart, and Mr. Cochran executed a swift retreat. The steer tossed its head, the push cart, locked longingly for more, and then they started up the avenue again at a rapid pace, occupying the entire width of the road way, and driving the passers-by to the shelter of their houses, cars, or stores.

The trip up the avenue was unexciting for the steer, for it found no one to toss. Its opportunity to toss was not until it reached the city limit. The Department of Public Works had a fine ditch at Forty-second street, and Cleveland street, and the ditch was not very deep. The ditch is over a yard deep, and to keep people from falling into it a substantial fence is built around the ditch. The fence is made of iron pipes at the ends of the ditch, one of which is thrust into the crosswalk on the north side of Forty-seventh street.

Against this fence yesterday afternoon was leaning Charles Cochran, looking thoughtfully at the world and wondering how he could get honest men who had been to church and who had been to school in the world. When the steer caught sight of Mr. Cochran it made a dash for him and came upon him so suddenly that Mr. Cochran had no time to escape or to defend his self.

The steer struck Mr. Cochran with great velocity, and great force, and with great great velocity. Mr. Cochran described a graceful curve in the air and landed unhurt a few feet from the spot where he had been.

desire to have fun with Mr. Cochran, over the matter, and instead of standing gloriously at the head of the trench and waving a victim, the brute slipped and fell into the trench.

Mr. Cochran had landed well along the trench, and had scrambled to his feet as soon as he saw the brute slip. He was anxious to see the steer enveloped in a cloud of dust gracefully to the bottom of the ditch. It was a long time before the brute emerged from the trench and crawled up to the surface of the street.

The steer chased after him, but balked at the end of the trench. Mr. Cochran's wounds were bleeding freely, and he was unable to follow the men from the stock yards, camped up with the truck loaded on a truck, and after putting up a good fight, he was forced to leave the street and let it away to the slaughter house.

**SHOT HIMSELF IN THE BUTTOCK.**

A Stranger Commits Suicide in the St. Charles

**Hotel in Ballston.**  
BALLSTON, N. Y., Aug. 29.—A man committed suicide to-day in the bathroom of the St. Charles Hotel by shooting a bullet through his head. It is supposed to be F. S. Young of Gowanda, N. Y., but had a card in his pocket bearing the name Calvin D. Young, Auburn, N. Y. He came here about a month ago and registered at the Hotel.

Medbery under the name of F. S. Young, stayed at the hotel one day only, after which he moved to a private boarding house on Broadway. He was 40 years of age, was married, and had a child. He took a bath. He was apparently about 45 years of age, and wore a light suit of cloth and cap. His face was smooth, with the exception of a white hair which was about the size of a child's. He had a mustache about a month's growth. When found he had \$30 in his pocket and a diamond stud in his shirt front. No one knew him in town, and he has acted suspiciously since he came to town.

Coroner Varney of Saratoga Springs was summoned and impanelled a jury. He decided he had a photograph taken of the dead man and showed it to his relatives after which they journeyed the longest wait Tuesday afternoon 4 o'clock.

### SHOT HIMSELF AFTER STEALING

#### A Butcher Who Had Robbed His Employer

**Attempts Suicide.** Morris Levy, 18 years old, of 351 East Fifth street, attempted yesterday to commit suicide at the Bellevue Lodging House, 32 Bowery, by shooting himself in the left breast. He had stolen \$15 from Hyman and Joseph Levy, his father and brother, and had been discharged by them.

With the little money that was left him, he had bought a 22-caliber revolver at 7 o'clock yesterday morning shot himself. He left 12 letters, one of them to the son of his former employer, begging that he be kept out of his father's house. The second letter was addressed to his parents. It read as follows:

DEAR PARENTS, SISTER, AND BROTHER: I am a bad boy and I am in hell. I am always in my head to have money. I wish

had never gone in the butcher business," He  
for me to die. Your son.  
"Don't think I was crazy when I did it.  
He was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where  
it was said that his wound was serious.

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**TOOK POISON IN A DRUG SHOP**  
**The Paris Green Proved Fatal Later in**  
**Vincent's Hospital.**  
John Prime of 108 Perry street walked to  
corner of Hudson street early last evening,  
taking a glass from his pocket, poured a

Prime was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital where he died later in the evening. He was a mechanic, and was 62 years old.

Pendergast told Schroeder's family and Schroeder was watched. He managed, however,

**Drowned Herself in a Cistern.**—  
SARATOGA, Aug. 28.—Mrs. Cora Vander-  
Haskins committed suicide at Schuylerville  
today. She was misled by her husband, William  
Haskins, who afterward found her body in  
a cistern. Mrs. Haskins was about 30 years  
old and was subject to fits. She drowned  
herself, it is believed, while mentally deranged.  
The husband of Mrs. Haskins is the son of  
Nicholas Vanderburg of Northumberland,  
father also met death in a well. He descended  
into a cistern to clean it, and was unable to  
rescue himself. His wife, who tried to rescue  
him, also fell in and was drowned.

**Charles Mulholland Rescued From Drowning**  
Charles Mulholland, 29 years old, of 37 W. 59th place, while walking through Second street, Brooklyn, early yesterday evening in a dazed condition, accidentally walked overboard into Gowanus canal. The cries alarmed Fire Keeper Frederick J. O'Connell, who was passing away. Jumping into a rowboat Snyder went the rescue and managed to grab Mulholland by the hair. He was taken to the beach at 10th street, and after resting for an hour went home with friends.

**Found Drowned in the East River.**  
A drowned man about 50 years old, with a hair and mustache, and wearing a jumper suit, was found in the East River, near the ferry, Brooklyn, yesterday. The body was removed to the Morgue.

**FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.**  
**ANTIQUE OAK DINING CHAIRS**  
(CANE SEAT).  
**\$2.00**

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